

Red

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Summary: Ran guessed Shinichi's favourite colour on the first try.

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Ran guessed Shinichi's favourite colour on the first try.

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><p>It was a nice Sunday afternoon, supposedly a perfect day for Shinichi to finish his The Sign of the Four for the 56th times. But here he was, standing in the middle of an art and craft store with all sorts of fancy ribbons and papers that the detective had no interest in.

He tried to hide a yawn when Ran approached him with two pieces of paper, each in both of her hand.

"Which is nicer? The green or the yellow one?"

"Uh, I guess the green one?"

"Why?"

"It's more pleasing to the eye."

He watched Ran's little brows furrowed when she turned to inspect the green paper, but her eyes instantly softened once her head turned towards the yellow one. Through those little gestures, Shinichi already knew what Ran was thinking, but he had no idea why she would ask him for his opinion if she got the answers herself. This was something Shinichi could never figure out in his life, even when this sort of incident happened to him more than a thousand times. Not just

with Ran, his mother gave him tons of headaches for questions like this too.

"But the yellow looks not bad." He prompted. "It's bright and lively."

"You think so too?" She perked up.

"Yeah."

"I'll get the yellow one then!"

After paying for the crafts Ran bought for the card she wanted to make for Sonoko, they departed out of the shop and she suggested to drop by a coffeehouse to get a drink. Shinichi was more than glad to agree to the plan. He needed to rest his sore legs. All the standing and waiting was ironically tougher than his soccer training.

Surprisingly, the coffeehouse wasn't as crowded like Shinichi thought it would be. But he had nothing to complain. They purchased their drinks and settled at the best corner they could find, a booth meant for two.

It was hard to find silence between them when he was such a nerd for Sherlock Holmes and Ran was a lively and chatty person whenever there was a right topic to talk about. As their chatters continued and their drinks turned cold, Shinichi had no idea how their conversation lead Ran to ask what his favourite colour was.

He never really considered it before. Colour, to Shinichi, was just a property possessed by an object, which produced different sensations on the eye due to the way it reflected or emitted light. However, he remembered Sherlock Holmes's favourite colour was blue, although he had forgotten where the source came from. Maybe he should search for it among his books again.

"I know!"

His eyes shot to Ran's outburst. She was smiling so brightly that he almost cringed at the intensity of her radiance.

"Your favourite colour is red, right?"

He blinked.

"Y-Yeah." He nodded dumbly. "Red."

"So I was right!" Ran clasped her hand and giggled. "It seemed our favourite colour is the same."

When Shinichi reached home after sending Ran back, he entered the silent hall and stopped when he passed by a bowl of artificial fruits that his mom bought for decoration purpose. His eyes set upon the apple, and for some odd reason, it looked very different from how it was before he went out to meet Ran.

He shook his head, dismissing his foolish thoughts and approached the kitchen to get a glass of water.

After he quenched his thirst, he headed to the library, trying to ignore the blaring colour of red that was so striking to his eyes whenever he passed by an item consisting of the colour. He approached the tall shelves once he entered the room and told himself to focus on finding the book that mentioned Sherlock Holmes's favourite colour, while inwardly hoping his sudden obsession with red would go away.

Shinichi then pulled the first book he saw off the shelf, revealing the title _A Study in Scarlet, _the cover printed in red.

He sighed.

It took his dense head a while to realize it wasn't red he had fell in love with. It was the bright smile, her excitement and the cute twinkle in Ran's eyes when she guessed his favourite colour that made him decide he loved red. Red didn't mean anything to him, but Ran did.

For the longest time, even until now, Shinichi hadn't seen red the same ever since.

But he didn't mind. In fact, he liked it that way.

* * *

><p>Yes. I bloody googled "Definition of colours" for the sake of writing Shinichi's thoughts.
Came across a random post from tumblr and I instantly knew this little fluff was meant for ShinRan. It's been long since I've written anything about them too.
>Anyway, thanks for reading :)<p>

End
file.